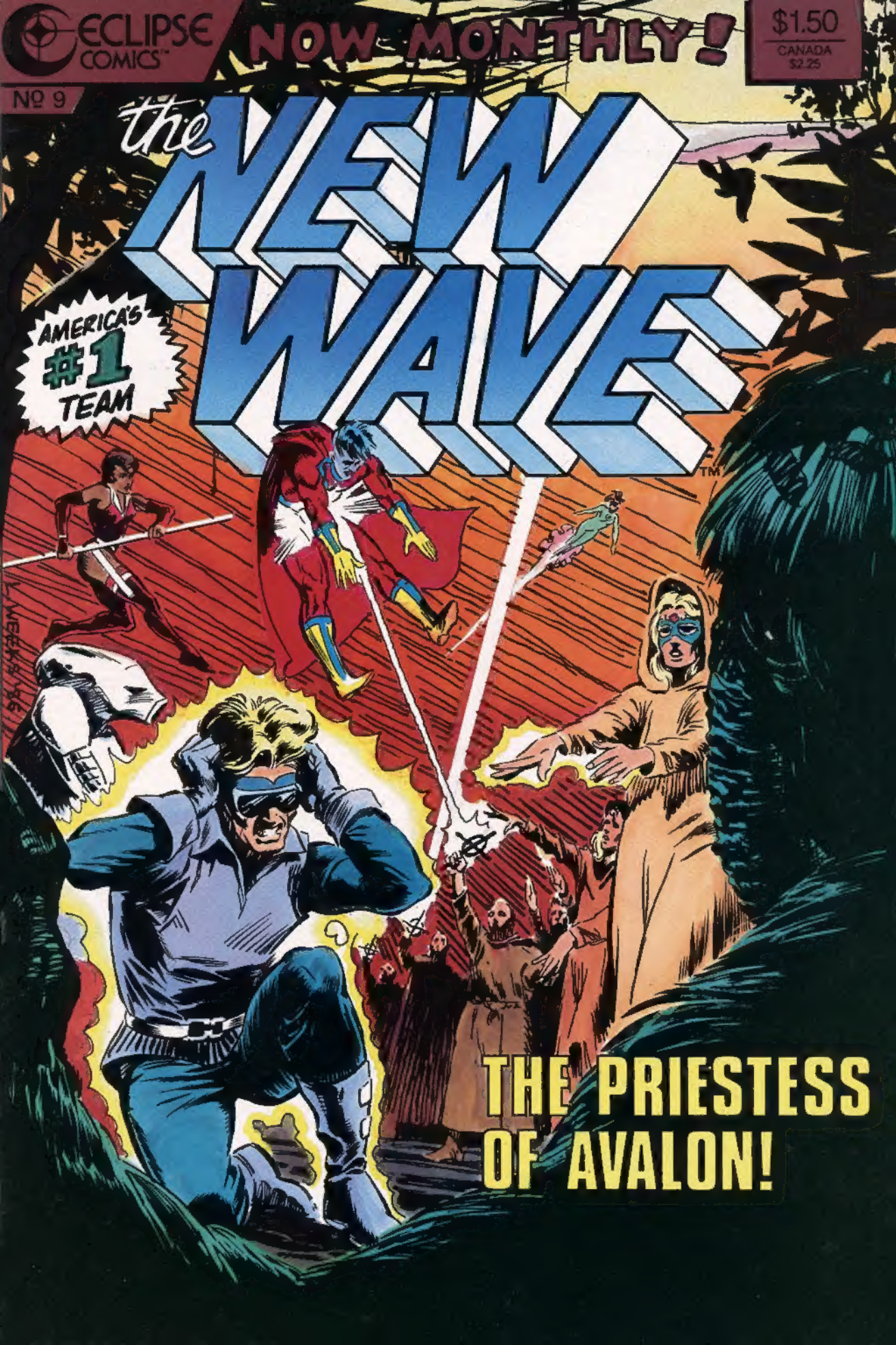
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**REID FLEMING, WORLD'S TOUGHEST MILKMAN no. 1**
ALL NEW! Reid is threatened with the loss of his job should he damage one more milktruck. Not to be missed!

**THE NEW DNAgents no. 14**
Trouble abounds as Amber loses the ability to fly, while Sham loses the all-important ability to think!

**KITZ 'N' KATZ no. 4**
The krazines kontinues as the katz try to pep up Kozy's ice-cream kone business by erekting a giant statue!

THIS MIGHT BE YOU: Okay, well, yesterday Dean and I went to a Woody Allen film extravaganza: Seven movies for $4.00, and you could eat food in the theater or sleep there or whatever. In case anyone cares, I think Allen is the best director currently working in film but that's beside the point.

The movies were run out of chronological order, which only emphasized their range from the early to the recent, from the silly to the profound. Their variety gave me a clarified sense of why I have enjoyed Allen's work for so many years, but more immediately, they produced a pole-axe-to-the-brain comprehension of the tragic devastation which can overtake writers who *fail* to let their work mature.

You see, the earlier, "funnier" vehicles in which Woody Allen embedded his off-the-cuff seriousness were really great—at the time, and considering Allen's age and experience. But imagine what it would be like if he had stayed in that vein. If he hadn't brought the outer form of his material into synch with the evolution of his philosophic consciousness, he'd be trundling out nothing more than stale laff routines now, and I wouldn't be watching. It may have been risky for a comedian like Allen to take such a decisive swing toward realism and pathos, but with "Annie Hall" he did it, and the beauty of his maturation is that from that point onward, he was able to add passionate depth to his work without sacrificing his idiosyncratic humour.

Seeing those films has led me to choosing this open letter format to contact a friend of mine, a certain writer, on a mission of intellectual "intervention," an attempt to bring him to his senses before he destroys something of great worth.

What's "intervention?" You've probably read about it, or seen it mentioned on television, but for the record, intervention is a radical new way of dealing with alcohol and drug abusers. In the past, it was considered in poor taste to talk directly to a person about a problem of this kind, but times have changed, and with them, tactics. Intervention consists of getting a group of relatives, friends and even co-workers together to speak frankly with a substance abuser. In an atmosphere of concerned support, the alcoholic or addict is told that he or she has a problem which can no longer be ignored through misguided "politeness." Ultimately, the interventionists lay down their rules: You aren't gonna be allowed to wreck your own life or the lives of those who love you, so you better get professional help now, period.

No, my friend's not on drugs or alcohol. He's not damaging himself in any flamboyant way, nor is harming those who love him. He's just coming unglued as a writer. He's quit the field he loves most (comics, if you want to know), and he's writing for another medium, one he knows to be decidedly, perhaps intrinsically flawed. In keeping with that other medium's limited expectations, he has retreated from the artistry of personal expression and is simply stringing words together. He justifies the move because his new work is "fun" and "easy," and his paycheck is on the increase. Right now his yearly income is quadruple mine, and he hasn't written one thing that has touched me in six months. (I am being charitable. Make that two years.)

As his output becomes more juvenile and derivative, his earnings increase, in some kind of bizarre Skinnerian reinforcement cycle that keeps him from breaking away. At this point he figures it would *cost* him money to write something good—and he can't "afford" the luxury. It remains to be seen whether he is still *capable* of great writing, but I think his faculties are intact. What form any new work of his would take is questionable, however, because he never has progressed beyond his brilliant "early" period, due to his detour with dough. It's as if Woody Allen had not only failed to make "Annie Hall," but wasn't even turning out endless variations of "Bananas" anymore, because he had gone into writing ad copy for robot toys instead.

I wonder if I can convey to you how dreadful it is to watch this happen to somebody you care about. He's hurting too. He tells me so. A writer with a fine mind, a quick wit, forty years of deeply-lived experience, and a sensitive heart is not capable of hacking out mindless dreck for big bucks without engaging in the demolition of his self-esteem. The term "prostitution" is sometimes used in connection with this kind of writing, but it's worse than that—it is addiction, spiritual suicide, with safe money as the drug instead of cocaine or booze.

Can you blame me for trying to intervene?

So wise up, pal... we've talked and talked and talked about it, but you still hack it out, wasting your talent while our friendship atrophies. It hurts to remember the writer you used to be... and I guess you'd rather not be reminded that you once shook my soul with a couple of yellow caption boxes on a page of comic book art.

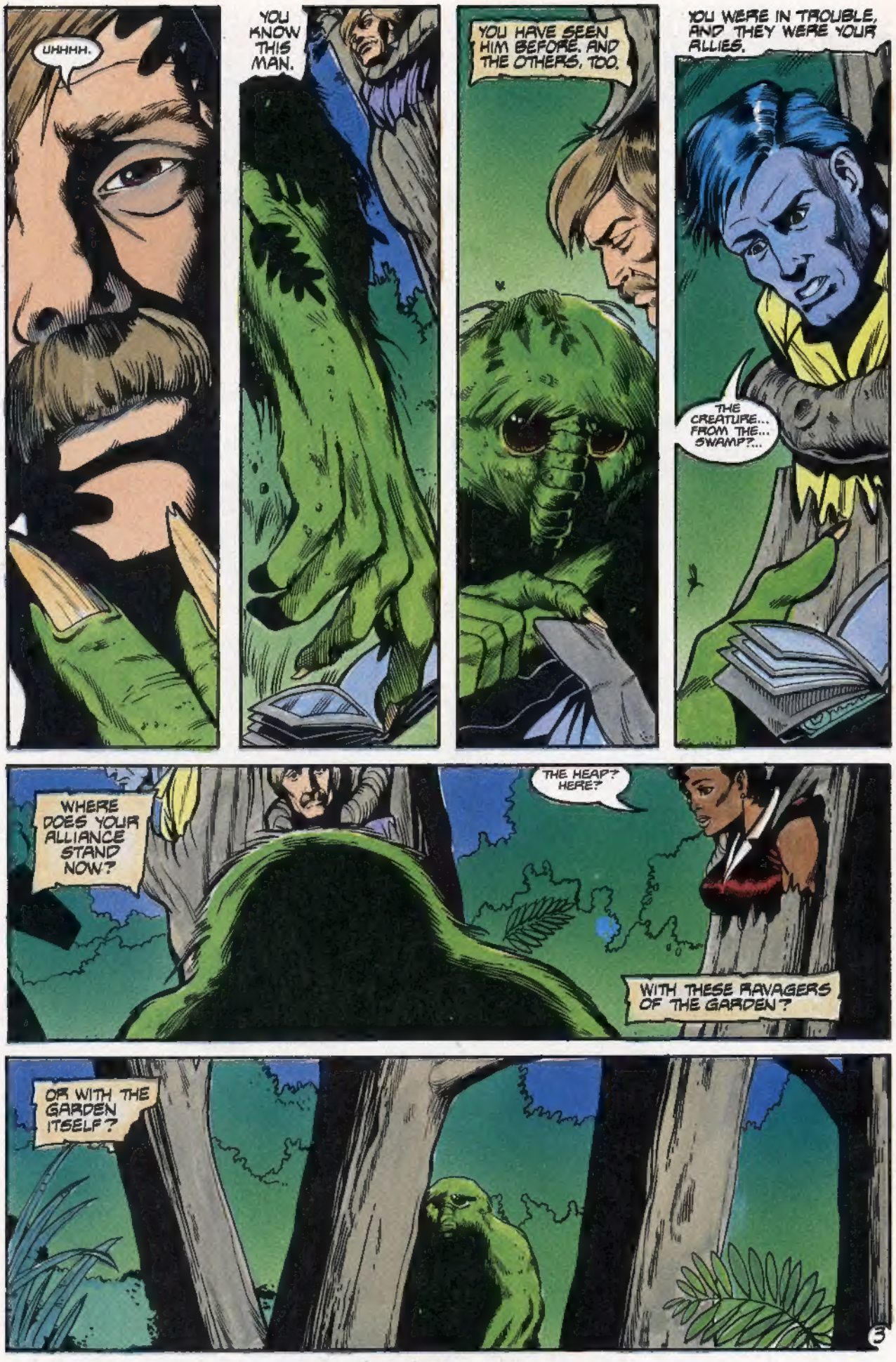
(And if anybody else who reads this thinks that maybe, just maybe I'm talking about YOU ... well, take a look in the mirror. You might be right. There's enough to go around and then some. Who knows? I might just be writing a memorandum to myself.)

catherine yronwode

THE NEW WAVE™ no. 9, October 1986. Published monthly by Eclipse Comics, P.O. Box 199, Guerneville, CA 95446. Catherine Yronwode, Editor-in-Chief. Dean Mullaney, Publisher. Sean Deming, Editor. The New Wave, Tachyon, Polestar, Megabyte, Avalon, Impulse, Dot, and all other characters herein TM Eclipse Enterprises, Inc. Story ©1986 Mindy Newell. Art ©1986 Lee Weeks, Karl Waller, and Ty Templeton. All other material ©1986 Eclipse Enterprises, Inc. All rights reserved. The stories, characters and events in this magazine are fictional. Film by SM Graphics.

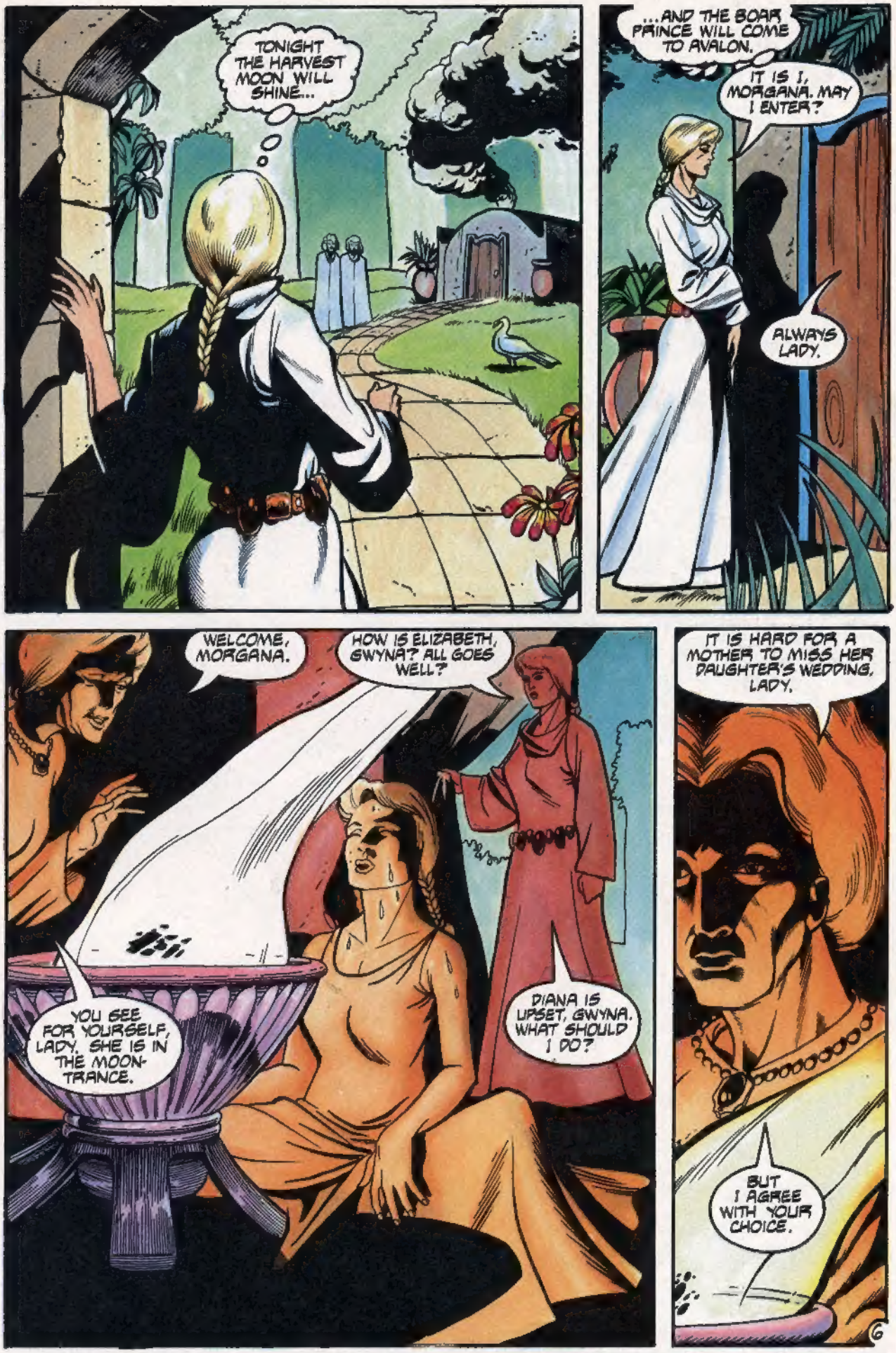
THE BRAMBLE-MEN PROMISED THE TREES THAT THE GARDEN WOULD BE THEIRS FOREVER.
BUT THAT WAS LONG AGO, AND THE BRAMBLE-MEN DISAPPEARED, AND OTHER KINDS OF MEN TOOK OVER THE GARDEN.
NATURE MOURNED.
THE ELMS SHED THEIR LEAVES...
...WHILE THE WILLOWS WEPT AND THE MOSS HUNG HEAVY.
ONLY THE OAKS, PROUD AND MIGHTY, STRUCK BACK.
FOR THEY KNEW THE BRAMBLE-MEN WERE WATCHING, SITTING IN JUDGEMENT...

MINDY NEWELL . KARL WALLER . TY TEMPLETON . CARRIE SPIEGLE
WRITER PENCILLER INKER LETTERER
SAM PARSONS~COLORIST • SEAN DEMING~EDITOR • CAT YRONWODE~EDITOR-IN-CHIEF


UHHHH.
YOU KNOW THIS MAN.
YOU HAVE SEEN HIM BEFORE. AND THE OTHERS, TOO.
YOU WERE IN TROUBLE, AND THEY WERE YOUR ALLIES.
THE CREATURE... FROM THE... SWAMP?...
WHERE DOES YOUR ALLIANCE STAND NOW?
THE HEAP? HERE?
WITH THESE RAVAGERS OF THE GARDEN?
OR WITH THE GARDEN ITSELF?
3

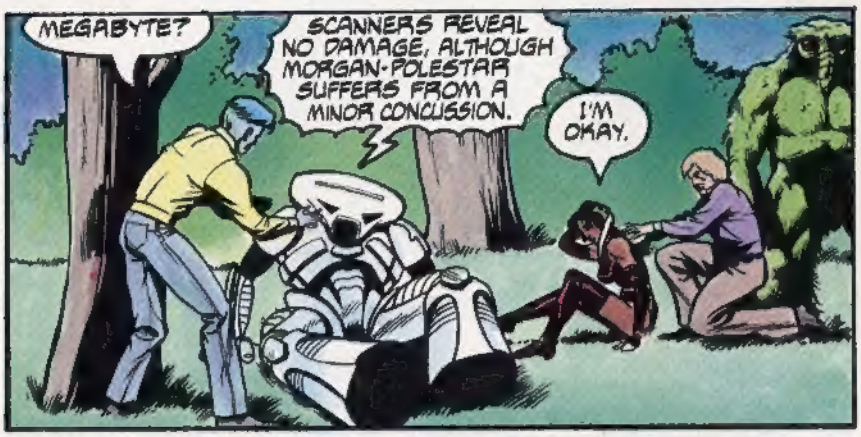
HELP US, HEAMMMPHHH
YOU MUST CHOOSE WHERE YOU STAND.
ARE YOU MAN-TURNED-PLANT?
OR PLANT-TURNED-MAN?
YOU MUST CHOOSE NOW.
CHOOSE!
4

MORGANA, I BEG YOU, RECONSIDER!
IT IS UNSEEMLY OF A LADY OF THE LAKE TO BEG, DIANA.
I WILL NOT STAY QUIET. I WILL GO TO MY DAUGHTER AND TELL HER ALL!
YOU FORFEITED ANY CLAIM TO ELIZABETH LONG AGO. SHE BELONGS TO AVALON NOW, AND WE TO HER.
MOTHER-HOOD CANNOT BE FOR-FEITED!
AND NEITHER CAN THE DREAM OF AVALON!
MORGANA!
I BEG YOU! CHOOSE ANOTHER! NOT MY DAUGHTER!
WE ALL SUFFER FROM THE CHOICES OF OUR MOTHERS, DIANA. WE ARE BORN WITH OUR FATES INTACT.
ACCEDE, DIANA. BEND BEFORE THE WIND...
...AND YOU SHALL SURVIVE.


TONIGHT THE HARVEST MOON WILL SHINE...
...AND THE BOAR PRINCE WILL COME TO AVALON.
IT IS I, MORGANA. MAY I ENTER?
ALWAYS LADY.
WELCOME, MORGANA.
HOW IS ELIZABETH, GWYNA? ALL GOES WELL?
YOU SEE FOR YOURSELF, LADY. SHE IS IN THE MOON-TRANCE.
DIANA IS UPSET, GWYNA. WHAT SHOULD I DO?
IT IS HARD FOR A MOTHER TO MISS HER DAUGHTER'S WEDDING, LADY.
BUT I AGREE WITH YOUR CHOICE.
6

THE WIND BLOWS, AND CHANGE IS IN THE AIR.
THE OAK TREES RUSTLE, AND TURN THEIR BACKS TO THE BREEZE.
YOU CANNOT TURN YOUR BACK ON WHAT IS LEFT OF YOUR HUMANITY.
YOU DO NOT QUITE KEN THE CONNEC-TION.
BUT YOU HAVE MADE YOUR CHOICE.
YOU HAVE TURNED YOUR BACK ON THE GARDEN.
YOU WILL BE COUNTED NOW AMONGST THE CAST-OUT.
YOU HAVE BROKEN THE ELEMENTAL CHAIN.
AND THE UNIVERSE WILL SHUDDER.

JAMES? JAMES, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I'M NOT SURE, YET.

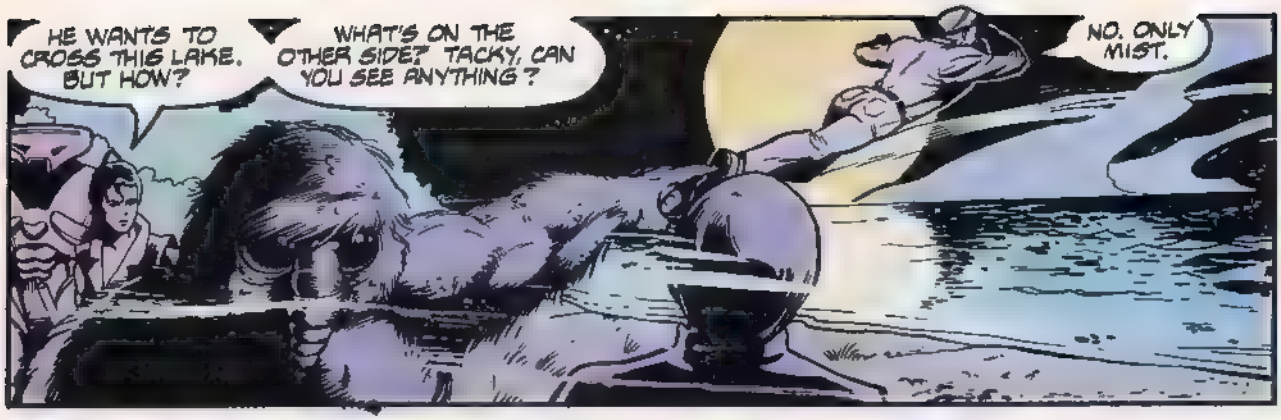

MEGABYTE?
SCANNERS REVEAL NO DAMAGE, ALTHOUGH MORGAN-POLESTAR SUFFERS FROM A MINOR CONCUSSION.
I'M OKAY.

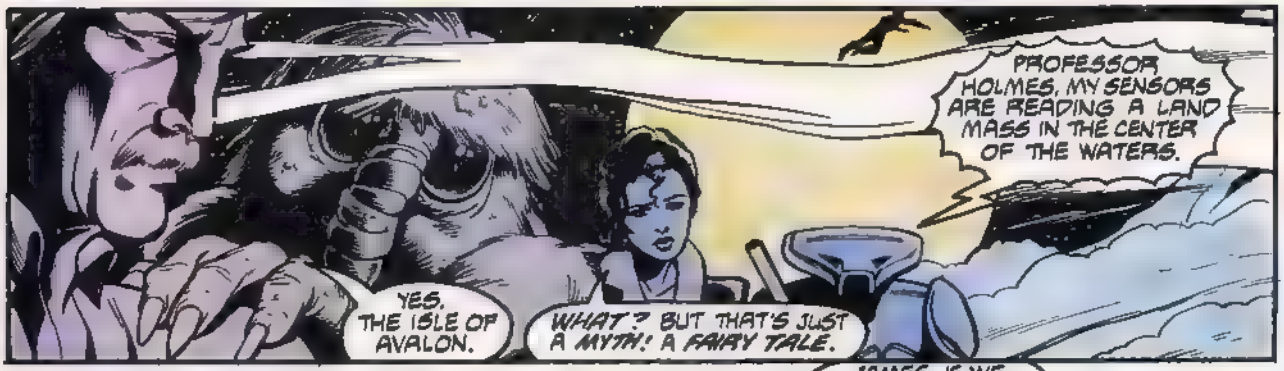
THANKS, HEAP...
...THOUGH DARNED IF I CAN FIGURE OUT HOW YOU GOT HERE.

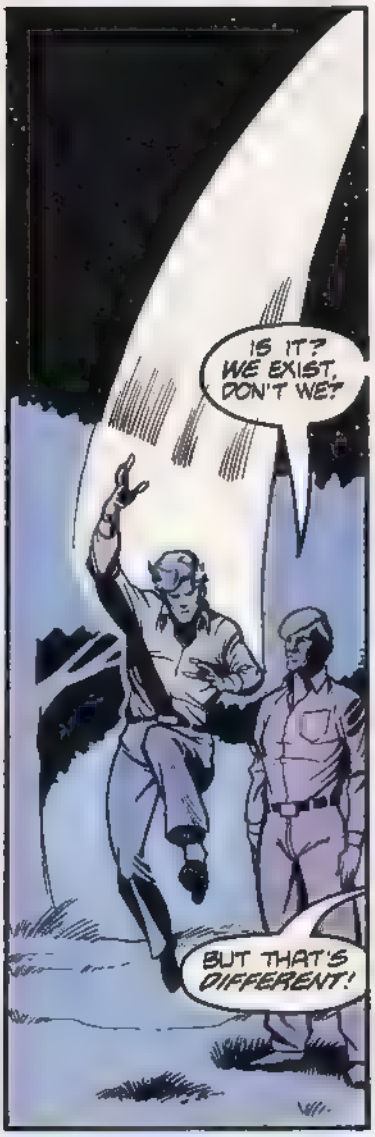
WHERE IS HE GOING?
OBVIOUSLY WANTS US TO FOLLOW HIM.
WHAT ABOUT DANIEL-IMPULSE?

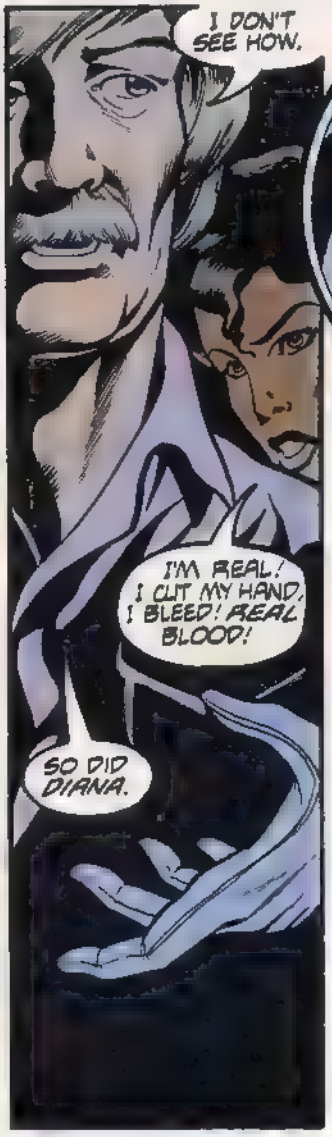
I THINK HE LEADS US TO HIM.
YEAH, WELL, I THINK WE'RE ALL JUST AS LOST AS DANNY...SIGH, C'MON, TEAM, LET'S GO.
BUT I WISH DOT WAS HERE.

"WE COULD USE HER SMARTS."
NOBODY HOME AT THE FIREHOUSE.
WHY DO I GET THE FEELING NOBODY IS GOING TO BE HOME HERE, EITHER?
KINDA QUIET...
...TOO QUIET.
HELLO? ...ANYBODY HOME?...
EVERYTHING LEFT WAITING... WHATEVER HAPPENED HAPPENED FAST.
GROCERIES
THIS ISN'T SAM'S STYLE. IT HAD TO BE PASTERNAK.
I'M GOING TO GET THAT BASTARD!
WE HAVE NEW INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOU.
TERMINATE WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE.
9


HE WANTS TO CROSS THIS LAKE. BUT HOW?
WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE? TACKY, CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING?
NO. ONLY MIST.


PROFESSOR HOLMES, MY SENSORS ARE READING A LAND MASS IN THE CENTER OF THE WATERS.
YES. THE ISLE OF AVALON.
WHAT? BUT THAT'S JUST A MYTH! A FAIRY TALE.

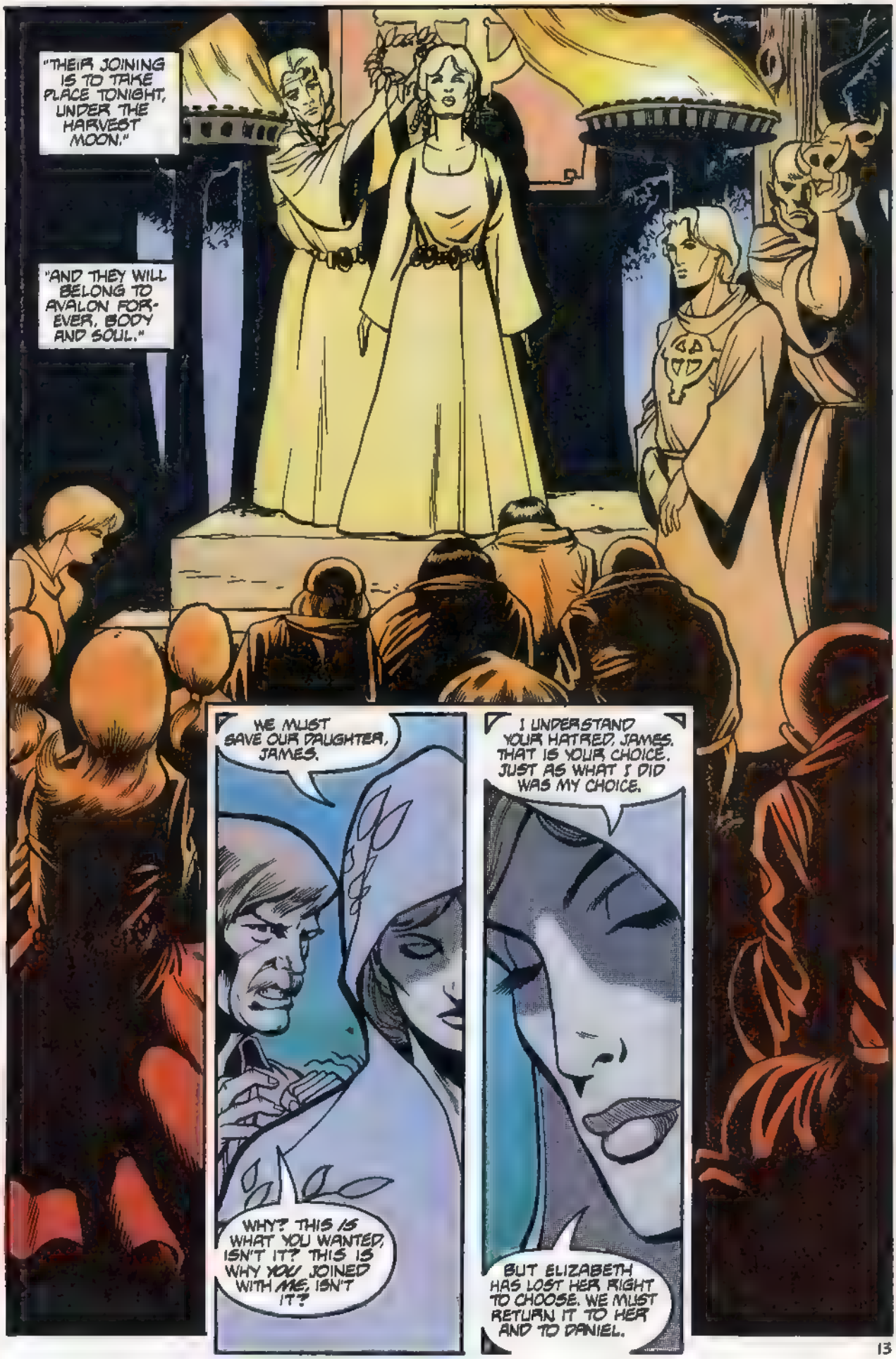

IS IT? WE EXIST, DON'T WE?
BUT THAT'S DIFFERENT!


I DON'T SEE HOW.
I'M REAL! I CUT MY HAND, I BLEED! REAL BLOOD!
SO DID DIANA.

JAMES, IF WE ARE TO GO TO THIS ISLAND, I CAN FLY US EACH ACROSS.
WAIT A MINUTE, TACKY!...
JAMES, ARE YOU TELLING US THAT DIANA WAS THE LADY OF THE LAKE? THAT'S NUTS!
GO AHEAD, TACHYON. POLESTAR, WAIT FOR US. HIDE IN THE UNDERBRUSH UNTIL WE'RE ALL ON AVALON.
SURE. AND MAYBE I'LL FIND THE HOLY GRAIL WHILE I'M WAITING.

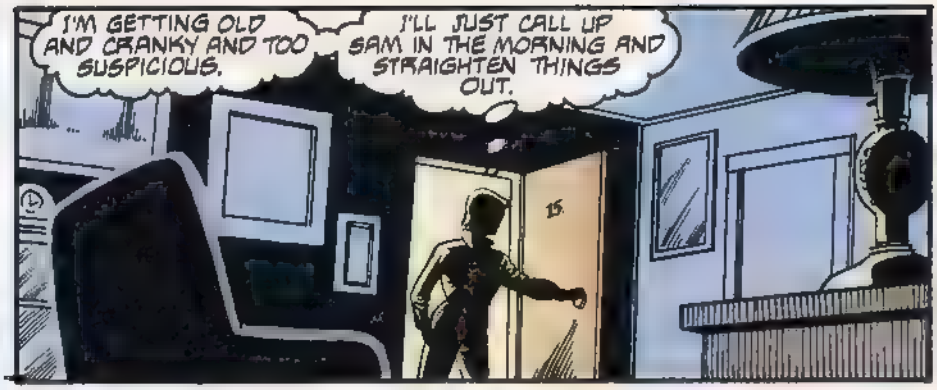
"I WISH TACKY WOULD PUT SOME SPEED ON."
AND I SURE WISH YOU COULD TALK, HEAP. MAYBE YOU COULD TELL ME WHAT IS GOING ON.
YOU HAVE DONE YOUR BEST TO HELP THESE FRIENDS.
YOU KNOW THESE STRANGERS IN THE BARGE. THEY ARE FAMILIAR, THEY ARE ALIEN, THEY HAVE WALKED IN YOUR FOG-SHROUDED MEMORIES FOR AGES UPON AGES.
YOU WISH YOU COULD SPEAK, TELL THEM MORE.
JESUS, YOU SCARED ME! QUIET!
I WILL BE BACK SHORTLY WITH JAMES.
WELL, HURRY UP!
MORGAN-POLESTAR, SOMEONE IS WATCH--
SSSH!
THEY CALL THEMSELVES DRUID, AND THEIR KIND WORSHIP YOUR KIND, WOOD-SPRITES, THEY CALL YOU.
A KINDER WORD THAN HEAP.

ABOUT TIME, JIMBO. LOOK--
WHO, OR WHAT, WERE THOSE GUYS?
DRUIDS.
OH, YEAH? THEY LOOKED LIKE THE KLAN TO ME. BRITISH CHAPTER.
IT SHOULD BE APPARENT TO YOU, MORGAN, THAT WE'RE NOT IN ENGLAND. NOT OUR ENGLAND.
OH, YEAH, REAL APPARENT.
THE HEAP WISHES US TO FOLLOW HIM AGAIN.
I'D STILL LIKE TO KNOW WHAT ANY OF THIS HAS TO DO WITH DANNY OR ELIZABETH.
I CAN TELL YOU, STRANGER.
AND I CAN TELL YOU THAT WE HAVE LITTLE TIME TO SAVE THEM, IF WE ARE TO SAVE THEM.


"THEIR JOINING IS TO TAKE PLACE TONIGHT, UNDER THE HARVEST MOON."
"AND THEY WILL BELONG TO AVALON FOREVER, BODY AND SOUL."
WE MUST SAVE OUR DAUGHTER, JAMES.
WHY? THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED, ISN'T IT? THIS IS WHY YOU JOINED WITH ME, ISN'T IT?
I UNDERSTAND YOUR HATRED, JAMES. THAT IS YOUR CHOICE. JUST AS WHAT I DID WAS MY CHOICE.
BUT ELIZABETH HAS LOST HER RIGHT TO CHOOSE. WE MUST RETURN IT TO HER AND TO DANIEL.

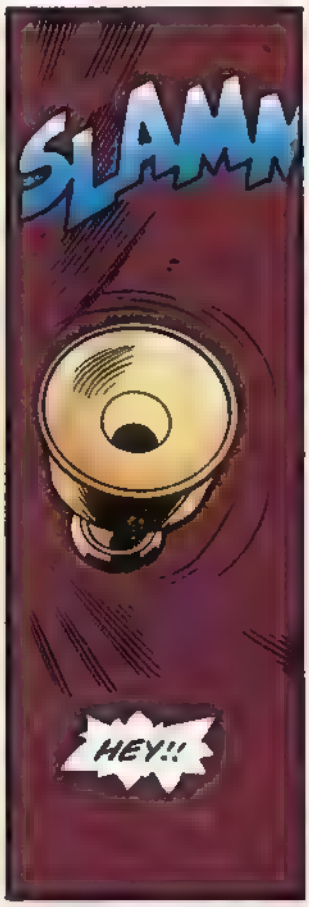
WRITER: MINDY NEWELL • PENCILLER: LEE WEEKS • INKER: TY TEMPLETON
LETTERER: CARRIE SPIEGLE • COLORIST: SAM PARSONS • EDITOR: SEAN DEMING
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: CAT ⊛ YRONWODE

YOU ARE TOO LATE, DIANA.
I KNOW.
WHO IS THIS, MORGANA? WHY WAS SHE NOT AT THE RITE?
THIS IS DIANA, ELIZABETH'S MOTHER.
SHE OBJECTED TO THE CEREMONY. I THOUGHT IT BEST TO ORDER HER AWAY.
THE WOOD-SPRITE ACCOMPANIES HER. SURELY THIS IS A SIGN THAT WHAT WE HAVE DONE IS RIGHT.
THAT IS WHY I AM HERE. TO APOLOGIZE, AND TO ASK TO SEE ELIZABETH.
YOU CARRY MOTHERHOOD TOO FAR, DIANA.
"TONIGHT ELIZABETH IS NOT YOUR DAUGHTER."
"TONIGHT SHE BELONGS TO THE BOAR PRINCE."


I'M GETTING OLD AND CRANKY AND TOO SUSPICIOUS.
I'LL JUST CALL UP SAM IN THE MORNING AND STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT.

SO NOBODY WAS HOME AT THE FIRE-HOUSE. BIG DEAL. THEY PROBABLY ALL WENT TO A MOVIE OR SOMETHING.
OR MAYBE THEY'RE ALL OUT HAVING AN ADVENTURE LIKE SUPER-PEOPLE ARE SUPPOSED TO.

LET SAM HANDLE THAT PATHETIC BUNCH OF LOSERS, PASTERNAK INCLUD--


SLAMM
HEY!!

WHO THE--?!
YOU PATHETIC SON OF A BITCH! GET UP OFF THE FLOOR!

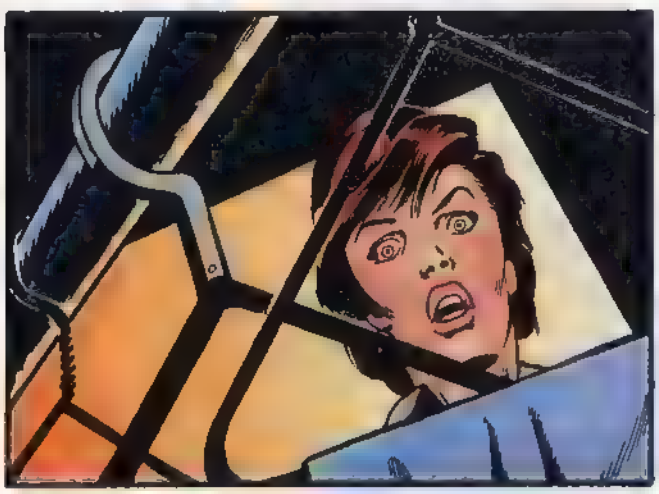
SHADDUP. I'M WARNIN' YA--
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? HIT ME? YOU CAN'T EVEN STAND UP!
MOMMY?
LOOK AT YOUR DAUGHTER! DON'T YOU CARE WHAT THIS IS DOING TO HER?!
DADDY'SH SHICK. TELLER I'M SHICK.
TELL HER YOURSELF! HERE, DOROTHY. GO AHEAD. YOUR DADDY WANTS TO TELL YOU SOMETHING.
GO ON!
DON'T FIGHT, MOMMY. DADDY'S SICK. WHY ARE YOU YELLING AT HIM?
LEAVER 'LONE, ALISH. SHE'SH SCHARED.
DON'T BE SCHARED, LI'L DOT. DADDYSH NOT REAL SHICK. JUS' TIRE'. HE WORSH REAL HARD.
I'M NOT SCARED, DADDY. YOU WANT ME TO RUB YOUR FEET OR--
YOU SMELL, DADDY.

CRACK
YA LOUSHY BRAT! WHO'RE YA TO SHAY SOMESHIN' LIKE THA' TO YOUR FARTHA?
I'M SHTILL YOUR FARTHA UNNERSHTAN?
SHTILL YOUR FARTHA!
I HATE YOU! I HOPE YOU DIE!
DON'T YOU EVER SAY THAT AGAIN!
WHAP
WHY NOT? YOU SAY IT. YOU SAY IT ALL THE TIME!
I CAN SAY THOSE THINGS. YOU CAN'T. HE'S YOUR FATHER, AND DON'T EVER FORGET IT!
GO UPSTAIRS. NOW!
5

YA SHOULDN' HIT HER, ALISH. POOR KID DIDN' DO NOTHIN'.
I KNOW, I KNOW. YOU GOTTA GET BETTER, JOHN. WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS. WHAT WITH THE NEW BABY--
I KNOW I'M SHORRY, ALISH. SHORRY. I'LL BE GOOD. I'LL BE BETTER. I PROMISH.
SSSH. I KNOW, JOHN...

"...I KNOW..."

"...I KNOWWW..."



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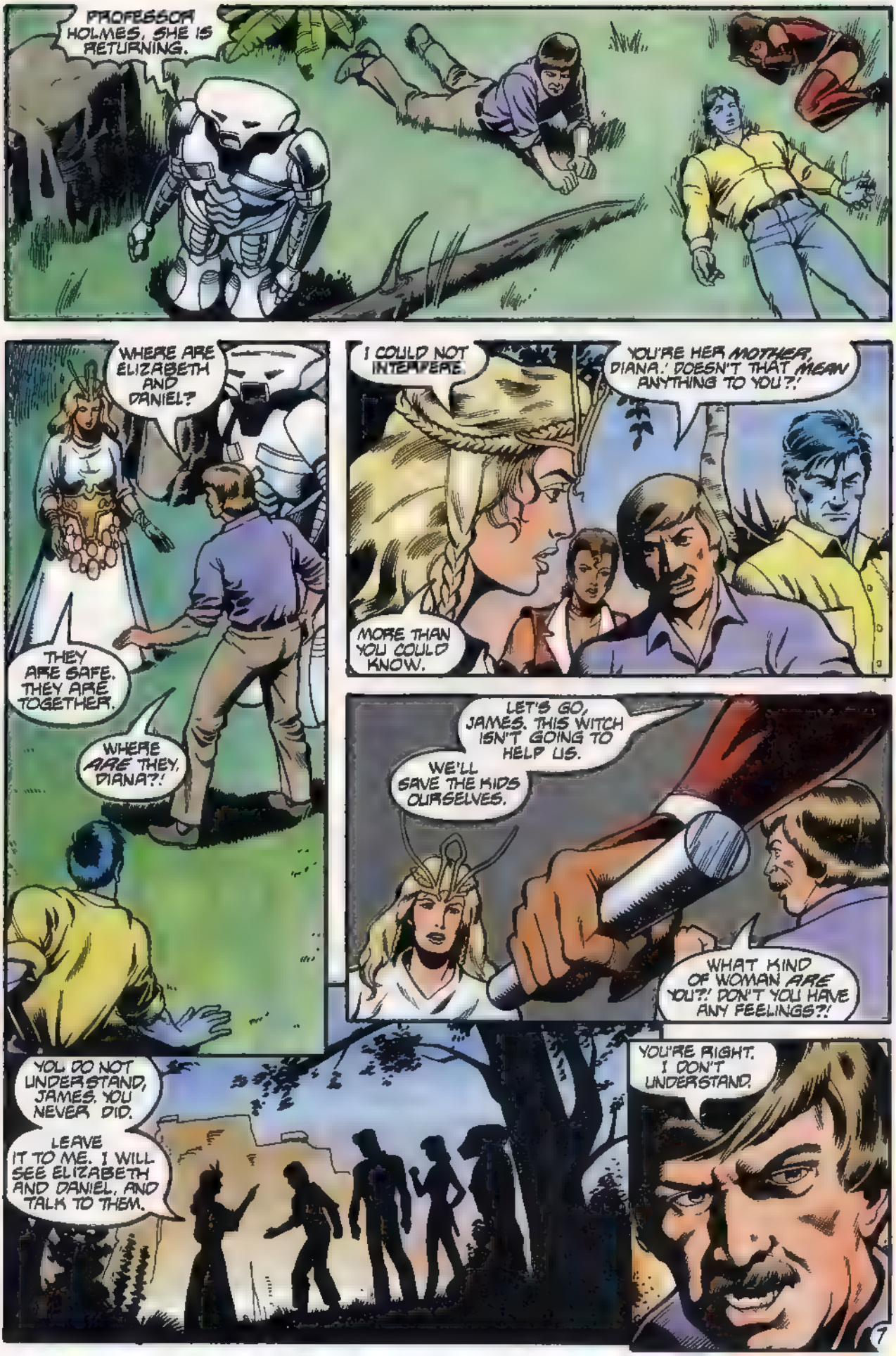
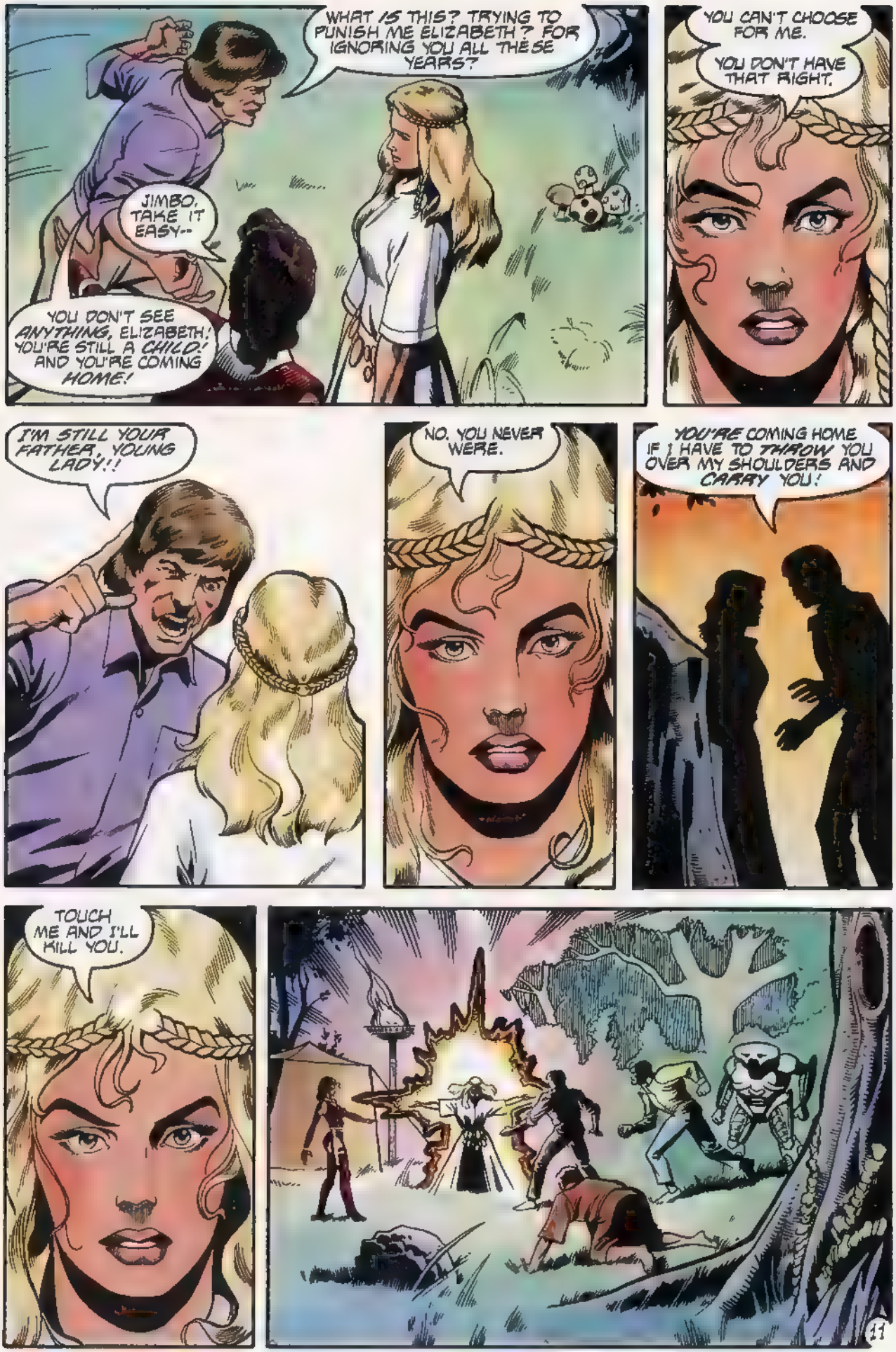
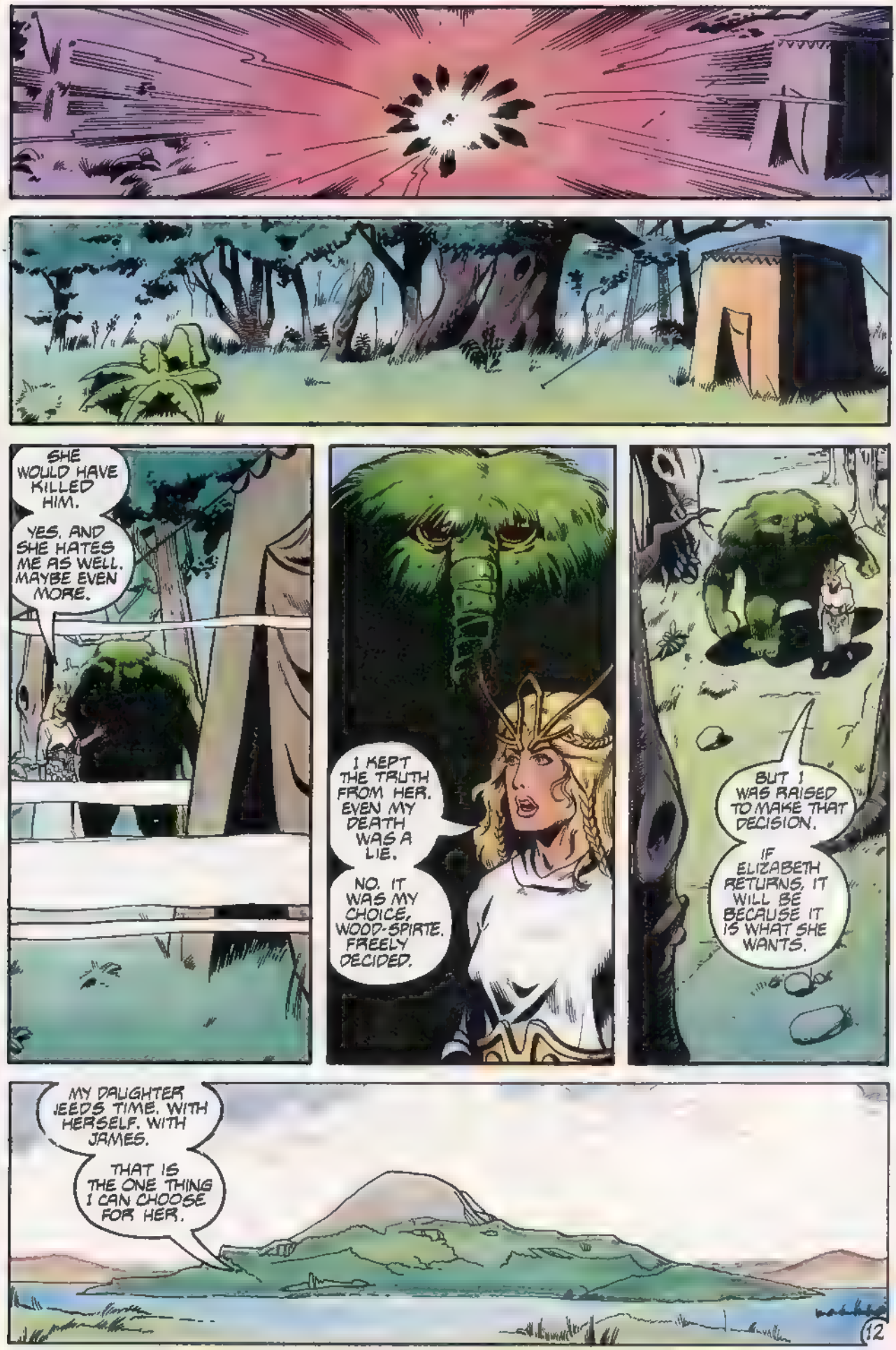

PROFESSOR HOLMES, SHE IS RETURNING.
WHERE ARE ELIZABETH AND DANIEL?
THEY ARE SAFE. THEY ARE TOGETHER.
WHERE ARE THEY, DIANA?!
I COULD NOT INTERFERE.
YOU'RE HER MOTHER, DIANA.' DOESN'T THAT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?!
MORE THAN YOU COULD KNOW.
LET'S GO, JAMES. THIS WITCH ISN'T GOING TO HELP US.
WE'LL SAVE THE KIDS OURSELVES.
WHAT KIND OF WOMAN ARE YOU?! DON'T YOU HAVE ANY FEELINGS?!
YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND, JAMES. YOU NEVER DID.
LEAVE IT TO ME. I WILL SEE ELIZABETH AND DANIEL, AND TALK TO THEM.
YOU'RE RIGHT. I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

WHAT??
I HAVE YOU, ELIZABETH. WHERE IS DANIEL?
ELIZABETH??
IT'S ALL RIGHT, DANNY. IT'S US. LET'S GO.
WHO ARE YOU, STRANGER? WHERE HAVE YOU TAKEN MY LADY?!
UGGHH!
THE KIDS DON'T KNOW US.
THAT'S IT.
8

DANNY ...UHHH... STOP IT... IT'S ME... DAN-UHH.
WHO SENT YOU HERE? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
LET HIM GO, KID.
ANOTHER STRANGER?
RETURN MY LADY AT ONCE, OR I WILL—
ZAPPP
UMPH.
THANKS, TIN MAN.
TAKE HIM, MEGABYTE, TACHYON IS WAITING FOR US WITH ELIZABETH.
NO, HE'S NOT.
9

GO AWAY, FATHER. ALL OF YOU. GO AWAY AND LEAVE US ALONE.
YOU--YOU KNOW.
YOU DON'T BELONG HERE, ELIZABETH. NEITHER OF YOU.
COME HOME.
YOU CAN TAKE DANNY. HE'S SERVED HIS PURPOSE.
BUT MY FUTURE IS HERE. MY HOME IS HERE.
BUT--
YOU THINK I'M UNDER SOME SPELL, DON'T YOU?
I WAS.
BUT NOW I'M CLEAR. I CAN SEE EVERYTHING.
AND I'M STAYING.


WHAT IS THIS? TRYING TO PUNISH ME ELIZABETH? FOR IGNORING YOU ALL THESE YEARS?
JIMBO, TAKE IT EASY--
YOU DON'T SEE ANYTHING, ELIZABETH! YOU'RE STILL A CHILD! AND YOU'RE COMING HOME!
YOU CAN'T CHOOSE FOR ME.
YOU DON'T HAVE THAT RIGHT.
I'M STILL YOUR FATHER, YOUNG LADY!!
NO. YOU NEVER WERE.
YOU'RE COMING HOME IF I HAVE TO THROW YOU OVER MY SHOULDERS AND CARRY YOU!
TOUCH ME AND I'LL KILL YOU.


SHE WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM.
YES. AND SHE HATES ME AS WELL. MAYBE EVEN MORE.
I KEPT THE TRUTH FROM HER. EVEN MY DEATH WAS A LIE.
NO. IT WAS MY CHOICE, WOOD-SPIRTE. FREELY DECIDED.
BUT I WAS RAISED TO MAKE THAT DECISION.
IF ELIZABETH RETURNS, IT WILL BE BECAUSE IT IS WHAT SHE WANTS.
MY DAUGHTER NEEDS TIME. WITH HERSELF. WITH JAMES.
THAT IS THE ONE THING I CAN CHOOSE FOR HER.

**NEXT:** VOLUNTEERS, THE HEAP, AND THE GIANTS AGAINST THE COWBOYS! BE HERE! --MINDY

# HIGH TIDE

## P.O. Box 199, Guerneville, CA 95446

Hail, Y'all

I am thoroughly enjoying **The New Wave.** Finally we've got a comic that's not being written to give role-models to adolescents, and is more concerned with characterization and story-telling than cramming in an obligatory brawl. I also enjoy that not everyone seems to have the same views on morality, since the marvelous competition you have tends to homogenize all their heroes to one very preachy, almost fundamentalist perspective. I hope you continue with this and allow your characters to remain individuals, some of whom (particularly Dot), will be heroes only by ends and not necessarily means. Take some risks with this title.

I also like the format. If it comes out every two weeks I don't feel like it's a big problem when you spend the whole issue just having the group land. It's a nice bit of detail (though it could have been a little more interesting if it took more technical info into account) and I don't feel like I'll be waiting an eternity to see something happen. Thought the stories do seem more like an after-dinner mint than a full story, there is enough strength in the characterization that the brevity has not yet bothered me.

Also, I am wondering if you have plans, ultimately, to expand the universe around **The New Wave.** Will there be other super-hero titles that exist in the same relative Universe? (I don't get the impression that there will be much crossover between this and **Airboy,** even though the Heap has been in both). But are you planning on having **The New Wave** to be to Eclipse what the **Fantastic Four** was to Marvel? If you could keep the quality at this level, I would welcome the prospect.

Aaron Atwood
1264 R Street
Springfield, OR 97477

*I never set out to have* ***The New Wave*** *act as "role-models," Aaron, although that has been the traditional pattern for the super-hero. Actually, I think the idea of being a paragon, of being the one to set standards for others, is uncomfortable for most of us, since most of us don't get it right the first time around. How many times have we heard "do as I say, and not as I do"? It's not only said because it's easier than explaining sometimes, but also because there's a wish inside of us to have others learn from our mistakes, instead of having to watch others make the same mistakes we did. But I've never known anyone to actually learn without experience; it seems we all have to fall down a few times before we learn to walk. Maybe the best kind of "role-model" is the one who refuses that role. Dot a hero? Nah, I think she considers herself just another one of us poor working stiffs. Expansion of the Eclipse Universe via* ***The New Wave?*** *Well, we'll see what the future holds for The Lady, Sam, The Volunteers, and... we'll just have to wait and see. — mn*

High Tide Mailees:

I really enjoyed **The New Wave** comic, but most of your characters are copies from other heroes. Tachyon is an alien who looks like Superman, but transported like in the origin of the Martian Manhunter. Impulse was the power and the character of Brain Wave, Jr., while his girlfriend Avalon has Zatanna and Nightveil type of powers (but she's a whiner). The rest of the members, whom I consider original, were Dot, Polestar, Megabyte, and James Holmes. Dot is a freelancer with the ability to change size and utilize electronic power. It seems that she could or could not be trusted. Megabyte is a robot created by the evil Pasternak, but who has a mind of his own. James Holmes will be the figurehead of the group who has his own troubles. Polestar will always be my favorite because of her acrobatic skills.

1) Does Polestar have the skill of escape artistry, or as a circus acrobat?

2) Does Impulse have the ability to take other people's minds?

3) Is Dot going to tell her origin real soon?

4) Will the world accept **The New Wave** as heroes?

5) Will you discuss the powers of Megabyte's circuitry?

6) Will you give a classic tale of The Lady—Avalon's mother?

William Sciffite
No address given

*To be perfectly honest, William, I think you'd be hard-pressed these days to find truly original powers... what's more fun is the way writers and artists handle characters who might, in terms of "gifts," be awfully similar... for example, Superman and Miracleman: both "ubermensch," but as different as night and day; Cosmic Boy and Magneto, and not just because Magneto used to be a villain; The Wasp and Dot: one thing Dot will never be is a J.A.P., and The Wasp is as JAPPY as they get, even if she's not Jewish. As for your questions, in order: 1) Polestar has acrobatic and martial arts skills; maybe she'll learn some escape artistry in the future... it could come in handy!; 2) Impulse is a telekinetic, able to move objects with the power of thought; 3) Only two people know Dot's origin... Sam and Dot ... and they're not telling me; 4) Good question; 5) As soon as I take a crash course in robotics, or go to Japan, whichever comes first; 6) Good idea—one I'll get to work on. — mn*

Dear Mindy,

One of the best new series of the year has to be **The New Wave.** You have succeeded in making this comic entirely different than other team books. I was impressed with your work on DC's **Amethyst,** and can understand why cat yronwode chose you to script the first bi-weekly regular series. *(Oh, well.-mn)* I wish **The New Wave** and **Airboy** would have stayed in the 50¢ bi-weekly format because this would make the books more acceptable to readers who mainly read the books published by the big two. I plan to continue buying both books, however, despite the price and page increase.

Don Hinkle
1161 S.E. 22
Oklahoma City, OK 73129

*Thanks for the support, Don.* ***Airboy*** *is still bi-weekly, only now it's 32 pages. The price increase couldn't be helped, however, due to the increased page count on both books. A matter of economics, my friend. — mn*

Dear Surfers,

I just finished reading **New Wave** #6 and it was another narly issue. I know this is my kind of comic!

I tried that one thing with the Doublemint gum. (I ain't kidding ya.) I dropped the gum three times! It took me four minutes to get it to my mouth with my bare feet to chew it, but I did it!

You'll hear from me at High Tide. Right, dudes?

Totally sincere,
Trevor Walker
Rt. 4, Box 101
Carthage, MO 64836

*I take it "narly" means "groovy," Trevor? You'll have to forgive me, I'm a withering flower child. As for that trick with the Doublemint—that's nothing! I've seen quadraplegics, quadra-amputees, and other "special" people paint, type, ride horseback, participate in sports... in short, live "normal" lives, including getting married and raising families, and earning a paycheck... things which some "normal" people I know have trouble doing. — mn*

*That's it for today, gang. See you in thirty. — Mindy*

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**Do you recognize the panels below. You should. They're all from New Wave no. 7, page 7, but only one is inked by our star inker, Ty Templeton. Seems there was a big convention up Montreal way, not too far from Ty's home town and Ty decided to have some fun and passed this page of New Wave down the row of artists who were all sitting at one table. The page only passed through three pair of hands before the rest of the artists left for lunch. But now you have the opportunity to test your artist spotting skills. Don't cheat. Give it your very best try before turning your book upside down to read the answers at the bottom of this page. Good luck!**

If you guess all four artists correctly, go to the head of the class. If you guess only one correctly, don't feel too bad, I only got one right too. — Sean

**ANSWERS:** Panel 1: Inked by Anthony Van Bruggen, who has contributed a back-up feature to almost every issue of **Stig's Inferno,** a book created by Ty. Originally published by Vortex, **Stig's Inferno** will be published by Eclipse. Watch for it in January. Panel 2: Inked by Gabriel Morrissette, the Art Director at Matrix Graphic Series and artist of their book **New Thumph.** Panel 3: Inked by Bernie Mireault, creator of **MacKenzie Queen,** published by Matrix Graphic Series. Panel 4: Inked by Ty Templeton, creator of **Stig's Inferno** (see above), and weekend DJ on Q107 FM, Toronto.